

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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as second class matter.

With the Red Cross in France.

HOW AN IRISH DEAF-MUTE REACHED THE FIRING LINE AND WHAT BEFELL HIM THERE.

From the Catholic Mute-Deaf.

When I left Cabra for good, half a dozen years ago, and went home to the South of Ireland, I was warned by the late beloved Brother Byrne—the most kindly of men—that if I did not cease my day dreaming and settle down to a steady job as harness maker, I would soon find myself in the workhouse.

I never liked the trade of harness maker, nor any of the other trades at Cabra, but to please an over-indulgent mother, I secured a job and kept at it with indifferent success, till she, good old soul, went to meet her Maker. Six months after this momentous event, which broke the last tie that bound me to the parish, war was declared between Germany and England and the other countries. As I read the news in a stray copy of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, that came my way, something seemed to breathe within me, and if shouting would have done any good, I would have whooped for joy.

For, Mr. Donnelly, I am what you call a semi-mute. I can speak fairly well and it is said I have a pronounced brogue. You will find out later why I mention these facts. I had always liked to read tales of chivalry and adventure. I think Dumas' story of "D'Artagnan" and "The Three Musketeers" are the favorite kind I like; not that I admire their morals, but the dashing, sweeping scenes of adventure involved in the recovery of the queen's necklace. I had often wanted to see France, the scene of these adventures. So when I read of the war, and that France was England's ally, I decided there was nothing to keep me where I was.

Forthwith, I set out for Dublin. I carefully avoided Phoenix Park and O'Connell Street, for fear I would fall foul of some one from Cabra. I hastened to the quay. There was a packet already preparing to start for Liverpool. I noticed a lot of men carrying boxes and bundles aboard. I fell in the line and seized the biggest and heaviest of these bundles. Once aboard the boat, I deposited the bundle on the deck. Seeing a ladder that led into the interior of the vessel, I climbed down. It led to the stoke hole. It was hot. Without thinking, I removed my coat. Just then a man loomed out of the darkness. He pointed to a hook, indicating that I hang my coat there. I was more than willing, as I was sweating from every pore.

Before I could recover my breath he handed me a shovel, indicating by signs that I shovel coal into the furnace. I wondered if he knew I was deaf, but I afterwards discovered that the racket of the machinery and the hissing of the steam made conversation impossible. By rare good luck it seemed to me I was sure of passage to England. If I had known at that time of the deadly submarine peril which drove any but the stoutest hearts from the fire rooms of vessels crossing the Irish Sea, I might not have been so willing to stand the awful grind of that night. But "where ignorance is bliss" stood me in good stead. The next morning we were safely in Liverpool. I had no difficulty in getting ashore as one of the crew. I received five shillings for the hardest work I had ever performed, but decided I would willingly undergo it again, if need be, to reach France.

The St. Paul had just got into Liverpool from New York. I was curious to have a look around. While strolling past the custom house, through whose narrow gates the crowd from the St. Paul was slowly dribbling, I almost ran into a tall, fine-looking man of about thirty, who came out, overloaded with suit-cases and bundles.

His face wore an angry frown and was red and flushed. I sprang forward as one of the cases began to slip. He said something. I told him I was deaf. To my astonishment, he deposited the whole outfit on the walk. He seized my grimy hand, shaking it heartily. It was my turn to be astonished, for he began to talk to me in the sign language. As far as I can recollect this is what he said, though

I missed something here and there, because of the difference in Irish and American signs. Tom Mahon at Cabra, who had been to America, had told us the difference between American and Irish signs, so by working my wits, I could grasp things.

"Deaf-mute?" questioned the stranger.

"Yes," I said.

"Live here?"

"No, I just came over from Ireland."

"Irish?" questioned the man.

As I gave an affirmative answer, he clapped me on the back.

"I am Irish, too, by descent."

Name—O'Connor—from New York. Red Cross doctor. Going to France. Help me with those bundles to the railroad. Know the way?" he rattled on.

I had to confess my ignorance of the location of the railroad, but he found out he would have to take the overhead railway. We rode there first class. He continued to talk to me rapidly on his fingers and I answered orally. It must have been a curious pair we made. He was expensively dressed in gray, while I still had on the product of the village tailor, the appearance of which had not been improved by the night in the stoke hole. I was still grimy, though I had used several basins of water aboard ship in an effort to clean.

"What school? Cabra? Belfast?" he asked.

"Cabra, of course."

"Catholic then? Me Catholic also."

"How did you learn the signs?" I ventured to ask, fearing I would be rude.

"Oh! easy. Teacher in school for the deaf. But that was a long time ago. Now a doctor. Glad I have not forgotten the signs. You understand me of course?"

I explained to him the difference between American and Irish signs which seemed to interest him greatly. My explanation as to how I had to guess at some of his signs amused him. "You have quick wits," was his only comment.

On reaching the railroad station he found there would be no train for several hours. He had been delayed at the custom house by some formalities. This made him miss a train that had departed only fifteen minutes ago. He displayed a lot of papers and seemed in a great rage. The railroad officers seemed to be scared. I thought Mr. O'Connor had a very violent temper. When he came back I changed my mind, for he winked his eye at me and spelled the single word.

"Bluff."

I was puzzled considerably at the time, but while eating lunch with him in the adjoining grill room, I asked him what "bluff" was. He did not understand at first, but suddenly threw back his head with laughter. I then discovered that it meant he had been making game of the railway employees. He smoked cigarette after cigarette, made comment on the war news. As the train time drew near he suddenly turned to me.

"Want to come along to France?" The joy on my face must have given the answer. I had explained my position of having absolutely no home ties and having a desire to go to France. But he was methodical. He inquired about my health, if I drank or smoked, if my teeth were in good shape, etc. All proved satisfactory.

"Now as to terms, I'll pay you well, and all expenses in return you're to do just as I say without asking any questions. Yes? Well come along, we are off for London."

We reached Paris at last. The doctor was well equipped with all necessary papers and was treated everywhere with respect. He seemed amused at the difference given me also, but obeying the wink he gave me I tried to look solemn and dignified.

"You'll do," was a favorite saying of his.

In Paris we put up at the Hotel Terminus. Most of the other hotels were closed. Dr. O'Connor told me I could amuse myself for a few days. After he had somehow provided me with an American Red Cross passport. He was to meet some big men and would not need my attention, but he warned me not to get lost.

One day while walking through the park that surrounds the Louvre, I noticed two men who were apparently on the point of fighting. Joy! as I got nearer I saw they were deaf-mutes. I readily made out their signs, but their finger-spelling was a puzzle. As I came within a few feet, I made that sign which is the password between all deaf-mutes.

"Are you deaf?" I asked.

The two stopped dead. They stared at me and then at themselves. They looked as if they would run away.

"America," I ventured to spell, remembering the part I was to play.

They made outlandish signs indicating "red face." I nodded encouragement. I asked them to the Hotel Terminus, where we had a bottle of wine. I showed them my Red Cross passport, which appeared to interest them greatly.

They made me understand that there was a meeting of the deaf that night at some place they called the Bock Lorraine. I asked if I could go, but they looked doubtful. Another bottle of wine made them more generous. They told me they would call for me, and sure enough they did. We took a taxi cab and in a few minutes were before an open bar which had a lot of tables and chairs in a back room, around which were grouped fully a hundred men and women, all of whom were gesticulating as if life depended upon it. There were men and women of all sorts, most of whom looked like working people. They made signs and spoke at the same time and drank various colored liquors.

A short, stout man, named Gaillard, seemed to be the leader. I had a hard time to carry out the part of being an American. Not only could he talk pretty good English, but he seemed to know a lot of American deaf-mutes whom he asked me to remember. But bless me if I can recollect a single name now. Things moved fast with Dr. O'Connor, evidently, for just as I was getting acquainted with my new friends, the taxi-cab driver who had brought me to the place forced his way through the crowd and handed me a note.

"We are off at once, come back with bearer, O'Connor."

I jumped up and made my adieux. I handed the note to some one as a souvenir, wondering at the same time how the doctor knew of my whereabouts. But he explained later the Paris police keep a close tab on all strangers within the city at the present time. When he asked the hotel clerk where I was the clerk cheerfully telephoned to the police, who answered that I had gone in such and such a cab to the Bock Lorraine. That the cab was at the moment at such and such a cab stand, and could be had immediately. So he summoned that particular taxi with the result aforementioned.

"Now we get busy in earnest. There will be plenty of danger and excitement. Want to back out?" asked the doctor.

He saw my look of disgust at the question, and laughed. He made me put on a new outfit with a red cross on the sleeve, and put on another himself. We motored to the Gare du Nord, where there were a lot of other people similarly attired. The train soon started for somewhere.

After numerous delays, the train arrived somewhere where there were countless soldiers and equipment. Most of the soldiers were wounded. We were, evidently, at a great hospital district. Dr. O'Connor was hailed with joy by several men, and telling me to follow, he entered an automobile, which set off at a fast pace. After an hour's ride through well cultivated fields we reached another encampment, where the doctor seemed to be expected, judging from the looks of the men. Most of the wounded in this hospital were Germans. Everything was clean and in good order, but as I hurried after Dr. O'Connor through row after row of beds and saw bandages everywhere and smelled carbolic acid at every step, the whole thing seemed a nightmare.

There were nurses and nuns moving about attending to the patients. All stopped to gaze at us curiously as we hurried through the wards

accompanied by two other doctors. They seemed to be pointing for some definite locality. We came at last to a screened corner of the ward. Dr. O'Connor went inside, and after second came out and spelled "Come in; bring suit case."

On a bed in a corner there was a man. He wore a full beard, but the rest of his face was deeply tanned. He shook hands with Dr. O'Connor and gazed at me curiously.

"Go and shake hands with him," from the doctor.

"Sorry to see you sick," I said as the sick man grasped my hand. As I spoke the patient held my hand tightly and gazed into my eyes. He said something to the doctor.

"He says," Dr. O'Connell spelled, "that we are a good combination and that we can go to work on him."

"What are we to do?" I inquired.

"Take off a leg," said Dr. O'Connor, as he lit a cigarette. "Get that suit case open. There's a lot of American tools in it. I am going to test your nerve."

The patient had been casting his eyes from one of us to the other during this finger and oral dialogue. He then spoke excitedly to the doctor, who seemed greatly interested.

"He says that our talk has reminded him of one of the reasons he is fighting for France. No, he's not a Frenchman, but an American like myself. He is in the Legion. He had a niece, who is a deaf-mute, in a school for the Deaf and Dumb in Belgium. The school has been closed and he has lost all track of his niece. He decided to stay and fight in hope she may turn up. As a consequence he will leave one of his legs in France. He would not trust a French doctor when he heard I was coming. We must get busy now."

Imagine me, who had never had any use for a doctor, never been inside of a hospital, all at once called upon to assist in what proved to be a most horrifying experience. I tried to keep my nerve, and did so by watching the doctor as he took off the leg as if it was the thumb of a black-thorn.

"Quite a successful job," commented the doctor and it's just off in time."

But I was to witness many heart-breaking sights in the big hospital. I went nearly everywhere with the doctor. He performed all sorts of serious operations. In fact, he seemed to have the most difficult cases. It was his invariable rule after having etherized a patient to order all out of the place except me. After he had removed his rubber gloves and washed his hands he invariably lit a cigarette. As the patient came to, he called in the nurses, who were waiting outside. Then he went to the next case. I soon grew to be a "hard case" as the doctor said, and could hand him the various surgical instruments without any prompting.

"Don't this get your nerves?" one day asked the doctor with a weary smile.

"What?" I asked innocently.

"Oh," he flashed, "I understand, you cannot hear this bedlam of sound. It never ceases; I wonder if hell is anything like it. Half of the patients are either groaning or screaming. That boy over there," pointing to a fair-haired German boy whose sight had been destroyed "is crying for his mother; and that big fellow who will never leave the hospital alive, is moaning for his frau and kiddies somewhere in Prussia. Oh yes, war is hell."

And this made me think. If I had not been deaf I could not have stood the ordeal. I have noticed how pale and flustered the unfortunates at times, and even the nurses were seen weeping as they endeavored to comfort some of the patients. Heaven save me from ever seeing anything worse than these men, who have been slaughtered like sheep and pigs—and for what? I am getting to pretty well to understand French—especially at meal times. Occasionally I have asked a patient, who is sitting up, what the war is all about. Bless me, if any of them seem to know.

I guess I have at last proved to Dr. O'Connor that I have some nerve. It came about this way.

Dr. O'Connor, who, as it turns out, is an expert on appendicitis operation (or inflammation of the bowels), heard of a little girl on a neighboring farm who was suffering greatly. It seems her mother had heard of the "great American doctor," who was so wonderful at operations and had appealed to him.

The doctor consented with the result that he almost lost his iron nerve while I kept mine. The little girl was brought to the doctor's quarters and he broke his rule of ejecting every one. He allowed a French nurse and the child's mother to be present, and the result was almost fatal to the child, a beautiful fair-haired lassie of about eight years.

The operation had proceeded successfully and the doctor was about to sew up the cut, when the child regained consciousness. She began to scream. The mother screamed too and the nurse fopped over in a faint, dropping several instruments she was holding. Now, here is where the advantage of being deaf as a post comes in. I sensed that something had to be done, and with a jump, gathered up the scattered instruments, swept the mother into a chair, and pressed the little girl back on the operating table, as she attempted to sit up. Dr. O'Connell looked pale as he called in other nurses and ordered them to remove their companion and the child.

As I noticed he even forgot his usual cigarette, so I took one from the handy box on the dresser, and lighting a match offered it to him, and after a puff or two he was himself again. He never again broke the rule of allowing outsiders in the operating room.

One day I noticed that there was something unusual afoot. Great motortrucks were being loaded with tents and supplies.

"We're off for the front," was the doctor's news, along in the afternoon. "A big drive is going on and we must get nearer the base of operations."

We are surely off for some place where there will be hot work. I cannot tell just where we are now. But it must be quite a distance from the battling armies. I am mailing this with Dr. O'Connor's knowledge. He has his doubts if it will ever reach America, but as he says "take a chance." I am sending it off in the hope that I will be able to write again.

As a final word, I have been told that the military authorities will not allow deaf men to serve in any capacity in the war. From my own experience, I think they are debarred by very foolish prejudices. Deaf men would be of great use in the hospitals, or in the equipment departments, and they would not be disturbed by the horrible sights and sounds that surround field hospitals. Perhaps the day will come when the silly prejudices against the deaf will fade away.

Here's hoping that Dr. O'Connor and I will have plenty of excitement but will return safe and sound.

Somewhere in France, Feb. 5, 1916.

"Fools Is Right."

Two friends were hanging on a bar and speaking of the war. And wondering what all those guys should shoot each other for. "What fools these fellows are," said one. "The other man agreed with him and answered: 'Fools is right!'" The waiter sure will lose his goat—he hasn't got a chance. To win from England, let alone from Russia and from France."

"Aw, rent a hall!" the other said. "You're t-liking like a yep."

And so they argued back and forth until they came to blows.

And ere the barkeep stopped them they had smashed each other's nose.

And one of them had just remarked:

"What fools they are to fight!"

The other had agreed with him and answered:

"Fools is right!"

—Geo. E. Phair.

NOTICE.

By a majority vote of the Board of Directors, the Thirtieth Biennial Convention of the New England Gallaudet Association will be held in Portland, Me., September 4, 5 and 6, 1916.

FANNIE P. KIMBALL, Sec'y,
20 Gilman St., Portland, Me.
By order of Pres. O'Rourke.
Further particulars later.

CHICAGO.

News items of interest to the deaf of Chicago and vicinity may be addressed to Edwin M. Hazel, 5817 West 24th Street, Cicero, Ill. Subscriptions will be received and forwarded to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The rumor that Mr. Paul Martin has been in the hospital for several weeks suffering with tuberculosis was not true, as stated in Mr. S. Howard's news letter in the JOURNAL lately. The story was given Mr. Howard by a friend, as being true, and I know he will be delighted to learn that Mr. Martin is looking fine, and recovering fast. Several members at the N. F. S. D. meeting said they had a short conversation with him and he was looking healthy. But it is understood he is only slightly sick. The mistake was the friend's and not Mr. Howard's.

A most successful evening was spent at a "little party" among the people who know how to play whist, under the splendid management of Miss Chrystal, at Parish Hall last Wednesday, at which she earned \$12 for the purpose of helping to pay off the mortgage on our church. A large crowd gathered and had a splendid time. Prizes were won and awarded as follows:

First prize (women)—Mrs. Charles Boss, silver cheese knife; 2d prize, Mrs. Brimble, recipes for the kitchen; 3d prize, a wooden spoon, was won by Mrs. M. Henry. Men's first prize was won by David Turrill—a nice large towel for shaving; 2d prize, a towel almost like the first, Fred Woodworth; 3d prize, a little toy top, was heroically won by A. Taznar. All went home in a merry good humor.

I wonder if our dear friend Rev. Flick isn't now singing, "My wife's gone to the country, hooray, hooray," since his joyous and popular better half left last Friday for an extended visit to her parents in Baltimore? Her hosts of Chicago friends will deeply miss her, while she is away, and wish her a splendid visit and a safe return. But how about the Rev. "Bachelor George"? Poor fellow, we all sympathize with him in the shock 't is enforced loneliness gives him, but hope he will soon recover.

A couple of minor errors which crept into the JOURNAL week before last: Instead of Paul Martin being still sick at the Cook County Hospital, it should have been stated that Paul Vanderbloom was the unfortunate one. Also, the mortgage on All Angels' Church was given as \$7,400, instead of \$3,400, the true amount. "It is confidently expected," said the faithful Mr. Howard, in whose last letter to the JOURNAL the slight mistake was made, "that the entire debt will be wiped out in two years."

Misses Solisburg and Stubbs, of Aurora, Ill., gave a party for the orlists at Parish Hall a short time ago, which was a very pleasant affair. Many members and their friends were present, eagerly joining in the good natured contests for prizes, after which nice refreshments were served, which all hugely enjoyed.

E. H. Thompson, of Los Angeles, Cal., is here visiting his sick father. He expects to make his home in Chicago if he can secure a good situation. If he does (and it is hoped he will), he will attend the reunion in Indianapolis, in June. He has lived in California nearly five years.

That stirring organization, the South Side Tennis Club, recently held a meeting, the first one in quite a while, and elected the following officers for the 1916 playing season: President, Jas. Waston (re-elected); Vice-President, Charles Hemstreet; Treasurer, A. Taznar (re-elected). The club still uses the same grounds which were laid out about twenty years ago, in beautiful Washington Park near Park Avenue and 54th Street, by Messrs. Regensburg, (since deceased), Dougherty, Watson and Gibson. The latter three still take great interest in the grounds and game, and often go there to enjoy the play. The club members are tired of chasing the balls "over in the next county" frequently sent flying past them by strong-armed, laughing opponents, and have voted to install a new pair of backstop nets, "to save time, gathering.

patience, temper, shoe-leather and unuttered cusswords" while chasing after the bounding sphere in the blistering rays of Old Sol. The boys aren't lazy, but they wish to more evenly distribute the laughs. See?

The tickets read, "The Modern Seven League Boot, a moving picture show, at All Angels' Parish House, 6122 Indian Avenue, Saturday, May 20, 8 P.M. Admission 10 cents, children 5 cents." It goes without saying that this will prove a drawing card, and it is the sincere hope of this department of JOURNAL that the pretty hall will be packed with happy deaf people and their friends on this occasion, as the receipts go for the benefit of the church fund. A good time is assured.

That brilliant lecturer and lay reader for the Rev. Mr. Allabough, Mr. John Mueller, of Louisville, Ky., treated the members, families, and friends of the Chicago N. F. S. D., in its hall in the Masonic Temple, to a rousing two-hours' talk, last Sunday night, which was frequently punctuated with hearty applause, well earned. John is a dandy, onto his job, and received hearty handshakes and praises when he had finished. The writer has more than a warm spot in his heart for Mueller, and though we have both grown to manhood's estate (he about thirty-five and I twenty-one), we were happy schoolmates in the dear old Columbus, O., Institution for the Deaf. He was always jovial, jolly and bright, and a most lovable fellow, and it was like again meeting a brother when we grasped hands after a nine-year separation. He used to call for me at my home in Cincinnati when I was a little fellow, and take me to the Columbus School and accompany me back home for the vacations, until I looked upon him as my big, beloved chum. Of course, I'm proud of his success.

It was balm, southern weather when he and his wife and little son left sunny Louisville, and, of course, he was togged out in raiment of summer—light clothing, straw hat, etc. Of course, he did not say so, but when the frigid breezes from Lake Michigan which annually visit Chicago about this time of year, came in contact with John's covering and straw lid! Well, nuffed! He can give and take a joke, and when that prince of good fellows and jokers, Francis P. Gibson, editor of the *Frat*, said: "Now don't hold us responsible for what happens to that top-piece in Chicago," Mueller saw the point and quaintly remarked: "I think I would look swell in a fur cap, don't you?" All laughed. Mr. Mueller gave a heart-to-heart talk on his life in Louisville, Monday evening, in Parish Hall, which was highly appreciated by the large crowd that had assembled to greet him. He vividly portrayed the heroic work of the deaf in the Southern city among their own, and especially of the rapid and permanent manner in which their church membership has been built up from almost nothing to a flourishing, happy congregation. He made many lasting friendships in Chicago, all of whom wish him and his charming wife and baby "long and happy lives."

A most pleasant and enthusiastic happening occurred at the meeting of the Church Mission, Sunday, the 7th inst. All witnesses to the joyous and rare circumstances were visibly affected. Mr. Louis Huff, of Joliet, Ill., and Mrs. Howatt M. Benton, of Chicago, happened to glance at each other. What was meant to be a passing pleasant salutation of two strangers among friends, proved to be a most joyous meeting of childhood playmates and schoolfellows. The two had not seen each other for almost half a century, and the mutual recognition, handshakes and greetings were beautiful to behold. They were the cynosure of all eyes for a few minutes, receiving the congratulations of all who witnessed the truly pleasant affair. Friends gathered around them and listened in rapt silence to these two old-time, long-separated, friends of "auld lang syne" recount episodes in their lives, since they had last met in that distant, hazy past. It was one of the prime features of the whole gathering.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 169d Street and E. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00

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"He's true to God who's true to man: Wherever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

Spectimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

DR. JAMES L. SMITH has done the coming generations of deaf school children a real service by editing and compiling a book on "English Phrases and Idioms."

It is an octavo volume, neatly printed, with stiff board binding, and fills more than three hundred and sixty pages with phrases and idioms, to which is added an appendix of similes and comparisons and common proverbs.

What in ordinary converse is easily understood by those who can hear, very often is difficult of comprehension to the deaf. To use one of the idioms, they are "up against it," and require explanations to get the true meaning of phrases that those who hear have been familiar with from childhood.

This explanation of each phrase or idiom the book supplies—and there are more than three thousand five hundred of them. In a line or two, Dr. Smith makes clear and simple each idiomatic expression the book contains.

All of us know that English "as she is written," is in a large measure different from English "as she is spoken." And the mere training of a child to write grammatical language does not fit him or her for the conversational (or even business) demands of the situations which after-school life is sure to bring.

There is a story of a Frenchman that we read in the halcyon days of youth, in which an excursion train stops between stations, and of course the passengers thrust their heads out of the window to see what is the cause of the halt. The Frenchman, unaccustomed to our characteristic haste, sits calmly and patiently in his seat. Another train is coming from the opposite direction, and the conductor yells "Look out!" All of the passengers pull their heads in, but the Frenchman obediently pushes his head out of the window, only to see his danger and jerk it back in time to escape decapitation. He indignantly remarks, "Punny people, these Americans, they say 'look out' when they mean 'look in.'"

Dr. Smith's book is sure to have a large circulation among the adult deaf, for it will "put them wise" to much that is obscure. It is far better than a dictionary and a great deal easier to remember. It will help them to a knowledge of colloquial language, which will transform their hitherto flat and insipid sentences to something more sparkling and forceful, and make conversation with them more tolerable, if not enjoyable.

The heads of our Institutions for the deaf undoubtedly will see the merits of this book and order it by the dozen for the use of their Schools.

The cost of a single volume is only eighty cents (postpaid); and by the dozen, or more, they will be furnished at seventy-five cents each, and sent by express.

Orders for the book should be addressed to Dr. James L. Smith, East Side, Faribault, Minn.

HARTFORD.

Graduation at the school this year will be at the Charter Church House, on Wednesday afternoon of June 14th. There are six girls and one boy in the senior class.

Graduation at the Northampton school is on Wednesday, June 21st, and there are seven in the graduation class at that school.

Joseph W. Bouchard, who has been a post-graduate student the past year at the school here, expects to enter Gallaudet College in the Fall.

Walter D. Rockwell of this city will graduate from Gallaudet College this coming June. In the line of athletics he has had quite an exceptional career in college, in having been a player on the baseball, football, and basketball teams of the college, all through his college course, and captain of the baseball nine and the football eleven.

Harold Burdick, of North Adams, Mass., was a visitor in town for a few days, the second week in May. He also visited his sister, who lives in Bridgeport.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gagnier, of North Adams, Mass., spent the week of May 7th-14th at Mrs. Gagnier's parents' home in Meriden. She was before her marriage Laura Lanoue.

Mr. William G. Abbott, of Cleveland Street, Springfield, Mass., were in Boston, Sunday of May 7th. Mrs. Abbott will make her home for the summer with her other son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Abbott, of Oak Island, Revere Beach, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweeney, of Bridgeport, were in New York Saturday and Sunday of May 13th-14th. We attended the De l'Epee Social Saturday evening in the big city, and report a very large gathering of the deaf. Mr. Sweeney met an old school friend he had not seen in a long time, Miss Nellie A. Green, of Providence.

George D. Stevenson, of Saybrook, Ct., who has been working for the Bridgeport Gas Company all winter, has returned to his home, where he will work as cemetery caretaker during the summer months. He has a wife and three bright children.

The seven hundred girls, who work in the corset factory of Geo. Batchelder Company, Bridgeport, walked out of the shop at noon of Wednesday, May 10th. Miss Jennie E. Wallin has worked there for several years, and is an expert worker. She walked out with the other girls, and is heartily in sympathy with all just demands for shorter hours and better pay and working conditions.

There was a strike in the New Haven Rattan Works on State Street that city recently, and the leader of the strikers came to a young deaf man, Alfred A. Stevenson, and asked him to write up the resolutions of demands of the workers to the foreman and manager. He did so. There are some dozen or more hearing men in that shop, but this deaf young man was the best penman and letter-writer in the bunch. The men got part of their demands for better pay and shorter hours. When the foreman found out who had written the workers' letter of demand, he called Stevenson into the office, and scowling and shaking his finger at him, gave him a better job and better pay.

The Hartford School Alumni Association and their friends hereabout have made arrangements for a picnic on May 30th at Piney Ridge. This is a fine place in the woods and country some sixteen miles northeast of Hartford, and about twelve southeast of Springfield. Parties from other city should take the Springfield-Hartford trolley cars, east side of the Connecticut River, to Warehouse Point. There change to the Rockville cars which pass the grounds, or very near to the grounds. There is a pavilion there and shelter in case of showers. The proceeds of the picnic are for the Alumni Fund for 1917.

There will be a lawn fete on the school grounds on Tuesday evening of June 13th, given by the Alumni Association. In case of stormy weather the fete will be in the Gymnasium Hall. It promises to be a pretty affair. The proceeds for the 1917 celebration. Tickets are being sold for this by several of the members.

The Frat dance in New Haven, on Saturday evening of May 6th, was a successful and happy affair. There were about one hundred present we understand. From Hartford and vicinity Messrs. Bonvouloir, Silverman, Frazier and Moran, were present. Among those from Waterbury were Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hine; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Backus; Mr. and Mrs. Michael Walsh; Miss Julia Savino; Messrs. James R. Hine, Wm. O. Connell, Joseph Grady, Jacob Marcella and Joseph Matekaitis.

The pupils of the Cooking Department of the school served a luncheon to teachers and guests in the reception rooms at the schools on Thursday afternoon of May 18th, from 4-6

o'clock. The lunch was a very nice one indeed, and we are a bit skeptical of those deaf girls ever having cooked that luncheon except as their teacher directed them very judiciously.

The little son, age five years, of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Waters who has been ill for several weeks, has gone to New Haven where he will spend the summer with his aunt at the seashore. Mr. and Mrs. Waters mourn the death of their babe, aged one year and some months, that died in March of pneumonia, after a very brief illness.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Barrows have recently lost both their mothers; Mrs. Barrows senior died in East Hartford, and Mrs. Stetson died in Middleboro, Mass. Both deaths occurred within a few days of each other.

The boys at the school, under one direction of Chas. T. Dermody, have painted or kalsomined the walls of most of the class rooms in the main building, and the rooms now look very neat and nice. Next if somebody could be turned loose in that homely old chapel, putting in nice benches, nice floors and newly painted walls, would it not be a filling improvement? For the very life of us we fail to see why the principal's office should be neat and attractive and the reception rooms also in attractive arrangement, and the chapel of the school so dingy, wooden and unattractive. It should be the best room in the institution, the most attractive and dignified. They have the right idea of that up at the Clark School, Northampton. Their chapel is a beautiful room, and Ours here will be some day.

The boys at the school have played a few games of ball. But good baseball players of size to hold a bat are rather limited. Two games have been played: May 7th, the School nine played the Hartford Theological School nine, grown up young men, most of them college graduates. The score was 9-3 for the Theologues. On May 14th, a game was played with a Hartford Public High School nine; score 11-2 for the Public School nine. The deaf boys played as follows: Bouchard, catcher; Anderson, pitcher; Harold Burdick, first base; Laing, second base; Young, third base; Durian, short stop; right field, Hamra; center field, McLeod; and left field, Dansofsky.

Hail to the glad fresh springtime. The world of nature, hereabout, never looked more beautiful.

"Thou, Lord, renewest the face of the earth," sang the Psalmist ages ago in a faraway land. The trees of the capital park are full of birds in the early morning hours, and in the later hours of evening, those happy and blissful souls, young lovers, are sitting. The spring has two little drawbacks, our good landlady make a raid on our room and personal comfort with what she calls spring housecleaning—and if we only had a piece of ground some where to plant we should be content. Messrs. Dana B. Taylor and Fred C. Rock have fine gardens started out at Wethersfield.

W. S. Langdon, of Windsor, a near-by suburb, has recently received a letter from Miss Rogers, for many years the Principal of the Clark School, at Northampton. According to this letter, it will be just fifty years ago, June 1st, that the school had its beginning. On June 1st, 1866, a year after the great Civil War ended, Miss Rogers got together three little children and began oral instruction in a private house. These children were Wilson S. Langdon, whose parents were then living in Wilbraham, Mass., and Walter and Fannie Cushing. Later on came Arthur Keith, now of Stafford Springs, Ct., and Elizabeth Brown. Officially the school is spoken of as founded in 1867. So next year should see the celebration of the anniversary of these two schools: The Hartford School's one hundredth anniversary and the Clark School's fiftieth anniversary. Both schools have a noble record of educational work, and no one who has seen both schools can belittle either. The Hartford School is the first permanent school for the deaf in America. The Northampton School is the first permanent oral school for the deaf in America. Long they may both flourish.

Miss Charlotte M. Croft, who is staying at Northampton, Mass., was a visitor in Hartford the week of May 18th to May 24th. She stopped with a Mrs. Hawley on Capital Ave., a friend of Mrs. Capt. Edward Croft. Miss Croft's family is southern and her grandfather once owned 800 slaves, and her own father was a confederate army officer and was wounded eleven times in the four years of war. He was at the end of the war a Colonel of a regiment. He was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, where a brigade of 10,000 men were practically annihilated. One wonders who is going to remember these old soldiers that are left of those dark and bloody days of our fathers in this coming May 30th, Memorial Day. The day ought to mean a good deal to us in this particular year of preparedness talk everywhere; memory and thought of the terrible sacrifices and losses of those bygone days, and thereby to quicken our own patriotic love of country and its noble past.

HARTFORD, May 20, 1916.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President
Jay C. Howard, A. L. Roberts, Harley D. Drake, Minn. Kan. Washington, D. C.

Vice-Presidents
A. B. Greener, Ohio. Walter Glover, S. C.
Mrs. A. Lashbrook, N. Y. J. W. Howson, Cal.

Executive Committee
Jay C. Howard, Minnesota. Ex-Officio Chairman

Owen G. Carroll, of Austin, Texas
Shelby W. Harris, of Jackson, Miss.
Arthur L. Roberts, of Olathe, Kansas.
George H. Bailey, of Mount Olive N. C.
Leo C. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal.
W. S. Root, of Seattle, Wash.
Walter G. Durian, Hartford, Ct.
John H. Keiser, New York.

OFFICIAL.

IMPOSTOR BUREAU.

The Chicago Tribune has a third of a column on the neat trapping of an ex-convict who turned "deaf and dumb" to "make an easy living; there's nothing wrong in it."

Secretary Gibson, of the Frats, showed his genius for getting the maximum of good results by writing a commendatory letter to the Detective Sergeant making the arrest, a letter so adroitly worded that the officer is sure to infuse all his intimate associates with a zeal to land "deaf" beggars. The letter is reproduced herewith as a model for other loyal Nads to emulate. When some one does us deaf a good turn we should write and thank him. It costs us nothing, and it will win friends among "the powers that be." When the dreaded day comes —I stake my personal reputation that it is coming— and fanatics try to legislate us out of our rights as citizens—segregating, or sterilizing, or exiling us to a some desert island,—every influential friend we make will count in our favor.

It will be a war of extermination, sprung from well meaning motives. The National Association will need every cent, every member it can lay hands on. If you are not joining, you are not doing your duty to your fellow deaf, nor to yourself. Germany is fighting the world to a draw, because she was prepared. Are we deaf to prepare? The letter follows:

MR. MICHAEL HOGAN,
Detective Bureau,
Chicago, Illinois.

DEAR SIR:—I have noticed in Sunday's Tribune the account of your arrest of one of the many fake "deaf-mutes" that are working the city, and wish to express the pleasure it gives the bona fide deaf people when an intelligent officer of the law puts a stop to the game.

For your information—and I hope you will also tell your conferees on the force—I wish to say that the genuine deaf-mute has no occasion to beg. All of our people are self-supporting and do not have to trade upon their misfortune in any way. Our associations are united in an effort to stamp out the practice of these fakers and we appreciate it more than I can say when one of them comes to grief. We have had state laws passed making the act a misdemeanor—it amounts to securing money under false pretenses, to say nothing of misrepresenting the deaf or so self respecting deaf people of this country.

Thanking you again—and should you ever wish additional information I will be pleased to have you call and see me.

I am,

Very truly yours,
P. F. GIBSON.

In a recent issue of the JOURNAL, A. W. Wright, of Seattle, commented on my warning of the danger of the deaf being included in the impending campaign to eradicate the unfit. He surprised me beyond words by practically agreeing, after a skeptical investigation, that it was quite probable! You remember, Mr. Editor, friend Wright and myself have seldom, if ever, been able to agree on anything before; you had some practical illustrations of that at the San Francisco Convention. So his admission there is good ground for my contention should clinch the matter beyond dispute, in spite of the attitude of the average deaf man and woman to scoff.

They scoffed at the idea of a general European war; they scoffed at the idea of a handful of dirty Mexican brigands invading the richest nation in the world—yet the last raid resulted in shooting a poor little deaf boy, one of our own kind. They scoffed at the idea the Titanic could receive its death wound from a collision the shock of which awakened only a few passengers. They scoffed at the Wright brothers experiments with the flying machine; they scoffed at Bell and his telephone; Bell was a teacher of the deaf and had a deaf wife, he was trying to find some way of aiding the deaf to hear sound. And they scoff yet whenever we speak of the status of the deaf being changed; they see no useful purpose served by the N. A. D.

Deaf to reason, the Deaf still scoff, and put off joining, in spite of the impassioned pleas of those in a position to know. They will continue to scoff until it is too late.

What can be done, Mr. Editor, to awaken us all to a realization of the seriousness of the situation? Are we prophets without honor among our own people? It was you who, 36 years ago, founded the National Association of the Deaf. Alive, do we sit and complacently twiddle our thumbs; and then, when you are dead, raise \$2000 for a monument to the man whose unselfish plea for

a strong, centralized association went unheeded while he lived?

Must history repeat itself?

"Eternal vigilance if the price of liberty!"

Our National Association of the Deaf needs 10,000 members by January first, 1917. The Impostor Bureau will try to secure anti-impostor laws in every State. We will petition Congress for a Department of the Deaf in the Bureau of Labor. We will fight to the bitter end any Legislation tending to degrade us. But we can not fight successfully without men and money.

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

Bureau Director.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

Dues are payable June 1st, and instead of sending out notices to each member as to his or her standing, all will be notified through the next issue of the official organ, THE NAD. This step was taken for the sake of economy, and it is hoped that payments will be prompt. The Association cannot accomplish anything with a depleted treasury, and the new method of voting for officers will call for a large expense for postage and stationery, etc. It is easy and convenient to send a dollar bill, so, why not pay up for two years?

On May 1st there were fifty-five members in arrears June, 1915. Are you one of the delinquents? Look up your receipt and see. If in doubt, send on a dollar anyhow and you will be given due credit. After building up such a large membership a great effort should be made to retain and to increase it. There is real power in large, united numbers, and "United we stand; divided we fall." If you are a N-A-D be a N-A-D! If not, why not? Do it now! Do it now!

NEW MEMBERS OF THE N. A. D.

THROUGH MR. DURIAN

Burdick, Rob't., 118 North St., N. Adams, Mass.

Burdick, Harold, 118 North St., N. Adams, Mass.

King, Miss Lena V., Clinton, Conn.

Strout, George, 18 Village St., E. Hartford, Conn.

Strout, Mrs. George E., 18 Village St., E. Hartford, Conn.

THROUGH FLINT BRANCH

LAWSON, Mrs. F. A., 409 Davidson St., Flint, Mich.

Crippen, Floyd, 1106 Lyons St., Flint, Mich.

THROUGH MRS. LASHBROOK

Gray, Wm. J., 231 E. Fayette St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Bedell, Howard J., 2534 Fifth Ave., Troy, N. Y.

Teats, Orville W., Duchess Co., Red Hook, N. Y.

THROUGH ZENITH BRANCH

Newlen, Vance W., 1122 Ogden Ave., Superior, Wis.

THROUGH MR. WILLIAMS

Japes, Wm. J., 1314 Warren Ave. E., Detroit, Mich.

THROUGH MR. HOWSON

O'Brien, Meredith, 583 Montclair Ave., Oakland, Cal.

DIRECT TO TREASURER

Brogan, W. E., 663 N. Frazier St., Philadelphia, Pa.

H. D. DRAKE, Treas.

Promised Coffin on Birthday.

A careworn, gray haired woman sat impassively on the witness stand in Judge Murphy's court, Tuesday afternoon, while her little son recited the drab tragedy of her married life. The woman, Mrs. Belle McHugh, is a deaf mute. She answered, with her fingers, the deft interrogations put to her in the sign language by the little boy.

A primed, starched, little daughter interrupted from time to time, also in the language of the dumb. And no one in the big, bare court room smiled at any of the grotesque disclosures revealed by the boy, for pathos ran through the tale despite its occasional snatches of farce.

Mrs. McHugh's marriage in 1900 followed a weird courtship of 20 years. She met her husband when they both were children, pupils at the school for the deaf in Flint. Frank McHugh could talk, but was stone deaf.

The marriage was urged on them by parents, and for several years after their wedding they were quite happy despite their afflictions. Then the two children were born and McHugh started to drink. The wife told, using her fingers with incredible speed, how her dreams of happiness, one by one, tottered and collapsed. He used to resent the fact that his children were normal talking, hearing creatures. He gloated over his wife's affliction and jibed her because he could not talk.

He became more actually cruel, striking and abusing her, she said.

On one occasion he threw a kettle of boiling water over her. Another time he neglected to remember her birthday. She broached the fact timidly and he announced he would buy her a coffin for her next birthday, it was testified.

Throughout her testimony Mrs. McHugh sat nodding wearily or telling with her fingers, the old, monotonous story of marital unhappiness caused by a drinking husband.

The little boy, respondent in the trappings of an A. D. messenger, was not quite so tall as the ledge of the clerk's desk. His interpretation was as lucid and keen as though he were a man. Judge Murphy granted a decree.—Detroit News, May 10.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

"The Last Supper," was the theme of an eloquent and beautiful sermon delivered before the undergraduates, by Dr. Amos G. Draper, at the afternoon chapel services, on Sunday, May 21st. His discourse was well illustrated by a large size copy of Da Vinci's masterpiece, "The Last Supper." Dr. Draper referred to the picture very frequently in his short address, interpreting the story it told very vividly. In conclusion, he alluded with feeling to the fact which some of us had overlooked, that we are soon to have our last supper together at Gallaudet, and then to be dispersed over the Union, perhaps never again to meet. He counseled us to forget anger, to lay aside bitterness, and to part with the right hand of friendship extended each to each.

The Editorial Board of the Buff and Blue is now laying plans for its Annual Outing, one of the small recompenses it enjoys for guiding the destinies of the college magazine. As now arranged, the outing is to take place on Memorial Day. On that day, the wielders of the red pencil, paste-pot and shears, will pack up their household goods and hie themselves to Colonial Beach, a resort on Chesapeake Bay, there to disport, far from the pernicious influences of writer's cramp and calls for "more copy!" A bounteous lunch is to be taken along; this, with dip in the briny and a delightful sail down the Potomac, past Mt. Vernon, should make the day a delight par excellence.

The Gallaudet College Women's Athletic Association held its Annual Banquet in the dining room of the West Wing, on Friday evening, May 12th. A tasty menu was served to the exponents of feminine athletics and their guests, after which all enjoyed an excellent speaking program. Among others, a speech was made by President Hall, who commended the Co Eds upon their advancement in athletics.

Not long ago the "Old Swimm' Hole," in the gymnasium, was officially opened for business. Now-a-days everybody in college, from the wisest Senior to the greenest "rat," is burying himself up to the neck in "old cool and cozy." All ready for the hot and torpid days of June—let 'em come!

The other day Belligimeir, P. C., was sitting on the edge of the swimming pool with his feet dangling in the water. Perhaps he was building air castles, or perhaps he was only having a common every-day pipe-dream. Anyway he offered a good mark for some practical joke, for he was given a judicious shove, which landed him head first in the pool. He sank like a ton of bricks and came up sputtering and vowing vengeance on the perpetrator of the joke. He says he must have swallowed at least a couple of hogsheds of water.

During the early hours of Saturday, May 20th, the members of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity, loaded down with good grub and other necessary accessories to a pleasure trip, left Kendall Green and hit the trail for Great Falls, on their annual picnic. The spot chosen for the day's pleasure, a little beyond the Falls, proved an ideal one, and everybody got one hundred percent of enjoyment out of the trip.

Those Sophomores have been haunting the Congressional Library to such an extent of late, that one is minded to compare them to the classic ghosts which they say hang about such centers of bookwormery. We would venture the opinion that either the heat has gone to their heads, or that they have embraced the doctrine of preparedness and started to "crum" on their required reading, for the coming exams. Even Townsend, '18—yes, even Townsend, who was never known to exhibit much of a propensity for "grinding" before, was recently observed deeply buried in one of the musty volumes of the mid-Victorian period. What is the world coming to?

ATHLETICS.

The annual Field Day is to be June 7th, or in the event of unfavorable weather, June 9th. On whichever date the meet occurs, the five classes are to compete for the Hall Trophy. Already, one may notice a lot of perspiring individuals boarding the atmosphere with an iron ball, or plodding laboriously around the running track on Garlic Field. Poor fellows—the weather man tells us it is going to get hotter and hotter soon.

Hereafter, Gallaudet Athletics will be supervised by a general Athletic Board, of the same character as is in vogue in most other colleges. This change, which is somewhat radical, was made in accordance with a recent date of the Athletic Association, and is to remain operative for one year. At the expiration of that period, if found unsatisfactory, it may be abolished by vote of the Athletic Association.

The new board is to be composed of two Faculty members, two Alumni members, the President of the Athletic Association, and the managers of the various teams. It is to have power over the awarding of "G's" the arrangement of schedules, the finances, coaching and other

matters formerly left to the Financial Board of the Association. Providing the members of this new board are chosen with care, as men of strength and intelligence, it should give a great impetus to Gallaudet Athletics by eliminating some of the undesirable features from which they have not, heretofore, been wholly free. H. J. P.

ZENOISMS.

Noah asked his dog to help drive the animals into the ark, and the dog obeyed. When the ark was full, it was found that there was so little room for the poor dog that it had to stick its nose out of the door. That is why a dog's nose is cold ever since. The only deaf-mute wisdom, that is sticking out in the cold, is the old Zeno cry: "It is best to get the members, and then, through them, get the Fund." Get the Federation; get the members, and then inaugurate any play—Howson or anything else.

Temptation can always invent a better door-announcer for a deaf-mute than opportunity can.

There is something the matter with the deaf-mute who is not touched by the bigness of the engravings of the hand-alphabet in his school paper.

A great many real nice men will suddenly develop murderous instincts when it comes to appointing a non-college man over their heads.

Of course there is no vulture instinct that does not love company which is equally vulture-like.

You can often judge a deaf-mute by the vigorousness of the signing of his better half.

The deaf-mute who fears that some other man can belittle him, pays himself a shabby compliment.

The value of a State for a convention sometimes depends on the birthrate of suckers.

The many startling campaign issues may prove to be only owing to the fact the deaf secretary is such a numbskull that the president has to write for him.

The more a deaf skunk pushes forward his racial traits, the more he thinks he has spunk.

The approval of the upturned hands of a mob is no proof that glory is lasting.

Some deaf-mutes think that they get fame, when they are merely fuming.

Till a superintendent turns a censor, no editor can tell whether he is a coward or not.

It is said that only eagles and serpents reach the top of a peak. Apparently there is no precipice too steep for orialism.

The deaf human submarine can not operate so deeply in muck that its periscope can not be clearly seen.

Some of the N. A. D. people seem to think that their sole duty is to look on the common deaf as rivets, the heads of which are to be battered to hold together the framework of the society.

If Nietzsche was right in saying: "You should have nothing to do with people who do not respect your individuality," how lonesome some of you would be!

Turn away your face from an angry deaf-mute.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Variety Shower was given on the May 11th inst., by Mrs. Peter Yabel at her home on Pine Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Norton. Among those who were present were: Mrs. Peter Yabel, Mrs. Baus, Mrs. Newhouse, Mrs. Cornelius, Mrs. Carson, Mrs. Albert J. Bashor, and Mrs. Schwagler. Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Norton have received useful presents. Light refreshment was served. All who attended had a pleasant evening.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Knorr, on the 8th of May. After three days the baby died. She was the first child. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Knorr have the heartfelt sympathy of their friends. Geo. Knorr belongs to N. F. S. D., Division No. 40.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday 9 a.m. and 3 p.m.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 p.m.
Holy Communion, May 28th.

Lutheran Mission

Divine services are held every Sunday, in New York City, at 3 p.m., in St. Luke's Church, on 42d Street, between Times Square and Eighth Avenue.

In Brooklyn, every Sunday at 7:30 P.M., in the Parish House of St. Mark's Church, Jefferson Street and Bushwick Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue and Broadway Station.

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

<

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The entertainment of the Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Club, given at the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, last Saturday, May 20th, was a pleasing success.

The audience was quite large and all of the actors in the drama made a fine showing.

Following is the cast of characters and synopsis of the play:—

CHARACTERS.

Jim Gordon, who struck the trail in '49 A. L. Pfander
Julian Gray, the tenderfoot A. H. Enger
Seth Thompson, Judge of Golden Gulch County and Postmaster of Red Dog F. Haberstroh

Jack Dalton, no one knows where he came from A. Stern
Hank Williams, proprietor of Golden Gulch Bar J. Fischer
Ned Davis, the stage driver J. Sweed
Dennis Mulcahy, a product of the Emerald Isle F. Koehler

Bud, Thompson's mascot J. Blumenthal
Chip Gordon, the angel of Golden Gulch Mrs. J. Sweed
Henrietta Wells, the new school-teacher Miss Alice Judge

Bedelia O'Rafferty, the jewel of Mulcahy's heart Mrs. J. H. McCuskey
Note—Between Acts I and II, two weeks are supposed to elapse. Between II and III, one month is supposed to elapse.

LOCALS: Near Deadwood, Dakota.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Judge Thompson expresses his views on women.—Bedelia's tribulations.—"If ye ain't black, what the devil color are ye?"—Chip leads up Bud.—"Tell me about the city, Mr. Gray."—"You are the fairest flower in the garden of nature!"—Arrival of the school-marm.—The altercation.—"What is that? a bowtie! The first one I have seen since forty-nine.—Drop it!"

ACT II.—The Judge interviews the school-marm.—"Why have you never married, Judge?"—"Don't know that, mum, unless it be that the right one hasn't come along yet."—Chip forces the issue.—"Now, Judge, I reckon the cat's out of the bag!"—Dalton steals the deed.—Bud to the rescue.

ACT III.—Dalton's story.—"Yes, I was in the massacre of '77."—Chip arrives to get his trip to Chicago.—Dalton discovers the lock.—"Whose gal are you?"—"The tale of the massacre."—"You are my daughter!"—"I don't believe it!"—"Chip's sacrifice."—"I ain't a goner to the city!"—"The surprise."—"Dad an' me's goin' to stay right h'yar in the shadow of the Rockies!"

At the end of the stage performance, many prizes were given out to the audience, and all were served with delicious ice-cream and cake.

Memorial services for the late Theo. A. Froehlich were held at Mount Hope Cemetery, Cypress Hills, Brooklyn, on the family plot, last Sunday, May 21st. Mr. Morris Adler, a prominent Mason and a lifelong friend of the family, was the orator on this solemn occasion.

His eulogy was interpreted by Francis W. Nubser into the beautiful sign language, for the benefit of the deaf. The unusual services were held near the main entrance of the cemetery and naturally attracted many strangers who were, however, respectful in their attention. An oral prayer in Hebrew concluded the services. Among those present were the Froehlich sisters, Mrs. Hannah Vetterlein, Emanuel Souweine, Dr. Thomas F. Fox, Alexander Meisel, Henry C. Kohlman, Moritz Schoenfeld, Abraham Galland and Francis W. Nubser.

Mrs. H. Bettles, of New Rochelle, gave a pink and green luncheon at her home, on Tuesday, May 9th. She had about 15 attendance, all had an enjoyable time, played different games, etc., and Mrs. Bettles gave lovely prizes. Among them were: Mrs. Russell and her daughter, Irene; Mrs. Vetterlein, and her daughter, Mrs. Reddington, Mrs. Bothner, Mrs. McMan, Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Pfeiffer, Mrs. Berger, and Mrs. Byron.

Mrs. Felix A. Simonson invited Mrs. H. P. Kane, Mrs. Sweeney, of Bridgeport, Ct., and Mrs. Frank, of Brooklyn, to a "movie luncheon." The first-named lady got it up in honor of the others. After spending the afternoon watching the antics of Charlie Chaplin in "The Floor-Walker," and other good pictures, the quartette adjourned to the Simonson apartment, where a delightful repast, served in the famed Simonson style, was enjoyed.

The New York Council No. 2, K. of D., will hold the Leap Year Social and Fishing Party, next evening, in the Johnston Building, 8-12 Nevins Street, Brooklyn. There will be candy and soft drinks on sale. Many prizes have been received for the fishing purpose, and the sale of tickets indicates a great crowd. The Committee is working hard and feels quite certain from every standpoint they will make it a great success.

A surprise birthday party was given to Mrs. A. Meyer, at Fort Lee, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, April 30th. Among those present were: Miss A. Pospischil, Miss T. Rupp, Mr. John Breden, Mr. A. Downs, Mr. and Mrs. F. Unger, Mr. A. Meyer and his two sons and one daughter. Mrs. Meyer received many nice presents, and all had an enjoyable time.

Mr. W. W. Thomas, of Yonkers, N. Y., is doing well after the operation he has undergone. He will give a splendid reading on Saturday evening, May 27th, 8 o'clock, at 177 South 9th Street, Brooklyn, one block from Williamsburg Bridge Plaza. His Subject will be "La Tosca." He says he will do his best. Admission fifteen cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Witschief, of Port Jervis, N. Y., are in the city for a couple of weeks, visiting Congressman Bennett and wife. Mrs. Bennett is their daughter. About the 29th, they will go to Newburgh, and will probably join the excursion to the Gallaudet Home on Memorial Day, boarding the train at Beacon.

Misfortune has hit the Heyman family very hard. Following upon the death of Mr. Moses Heyman, his wife was stricken, and now lies in the German Hospital in a serious condition, and to-day the New York Herald announces the death of the sister late Moses Heyman, Mrs. Rachel Heyman Pfeiffer.

There were two interested and interesting spectators at the Winter Garden performance one afternoon, Miss Esther H. Spanton and Mrs. Felix A. Simonson. At the conclusion of the performance they went to Rector's for tea.

Rather late but not too late, the St. Ann's Church Fair Committee wants to make acknowledgement of the donation by Mrs. Wm. Lippens of a beautiful art glass bowl, which was won by Mr. Gratzmacher.

Edmund W. Gibbs is dead in Brooklyn, at the age of eighty-four years. He was quite an accomplished man for a deaf-mute. He was born in Maryland. Interment was at Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

Miss Kate Blakeman, who graduated from Fanwood about fifteen years ago, has been taken to the Middletown, N. Y., Hospital, suffering from mental aberration.

In a recent issue of the *International Musician* there is a fine poem, from the pen of Miss Nellie E. Lorigan, of Brooklyn, entitled "The Old Musician."

Mrs. Alfred G. Barry is sick with diphtheria. Mr. Barry and his daughter are now stopping with Mrs. Barry's aunt in Freeport, L. I.

Mrs. Samuel McClelland, of Mountain View, N. J., has gone to Boston to visit relatives. She will be in New York again in ten days.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Carrie Lindenschmidt to Mr. Leonard Rabenstein, on the 30th of April.

The stork brought Mr. and Mrs. H. Schurman, of Brooklyn, a little girl, weighing seven pounds, on Saturday, May 13th.

Miss V. B. Gallaudet will leave for California early in June, and expects to return about the middle of July.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lykes, on Saturday, April 15th.

The Misses Margaret and Eleanor Sherman will spend the summer at Truro, Mass.

Mr. Charles Moritz was married to Miss Mary Ganel, Sunday, May 21st, 1916, at the home of the bride.

Stolen Hat Leads To Arrest.

A suit case stolen several days ago from Charles Wagner, 418 Race Street, contained a hat which Wagner yesterday recognized on a deaf-mute at 17th and Market Streets, near where the theft occurred. The mute, Patrick O'Rourke, Beaumont, Texas, was arrested and at hearing before Magistrate Pennock to-day he was held under \$600 bail for a further hearing May 26.

Lazelle, a reserve detective, asserted that O'Rourke wrote on paper that he was held up by a gunman, struck on the head and robbed. The detective, however, declared the mate gave conflicting accounts.

Lazelle made an investigation, as the result of which he said he learned that O'Rourke insulted a man and a woman in front of a garage at 29th and Market Sts., and that the man struck the mute on the head with a monkey wrench, thus accounting for a bandage around his head.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Tree Grows Like Fish Net.

A singular tree in Cuba is called the yaguetree. It begins to grow at the top of another tree. The seed is carried by a bird or wafted by the wind, and, falling into some moist, branching part, takes root and speedily begins to grow.

It sends a kind of thin stringlike root down the body of the tree, which is soon followed by others. In course of time these rootings strike the ground, and growth immediately commences upward.

New rootings continue to be formed, and get strength until the one tree grows as a net round the other. The outside ones surround and press the inner, strangling its life and augmenting its own power. At length the tree within is killed, and the parasite that has taken possession becomes itself the tree.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. O. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

May 19, 1916—Hancock County recorders, be they democrats or republicans, may come and go, but Preston L. Stevenson as Chief Deputy sticks to the office and has been there for, lo! these many years. Perhaps the winning smile that he carries with him is responsible for his retention in the office by each new recorder elected to the office, but it is more likely that familiarity with the duties that the position demands, has made his service indispensable with every new official, despite his deafness. Then, also, he is affable with all who have business in the office and hence makes many friends, who see to it that Mr. Stevenson is retained in his position.

He was called over to Newark last week on business, and on his return stopped over in Columbus Saturday, to visit his brother, who is in feeble health. He called on the writer in the afternoon for a talk. He was looking in the best of health and had lost none of the jollity of his youthful days.

CINCINNATI.

The Cincinnati Silent Athletics and the Covington (Ky.) Favorites played a hotly contested game in eleven innings, the afternoon of the 7th inst., at the Bogler Park at Covington, Ky. Burton saved the losing game in the ninth inning when he cleared the bases with a three-base hit, and he then scored to the plate. Jospier pitched a good game, and he struck out fourteen hearing boys. The sensational catch of W. McKinley in the tenth inning, and the home run of H. Case. Game called, on account of darkness. Score:

CIN. SILENT	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Wenner, r.f.	6	0	0	0	0	0
Case, c.f.	6	1	1	1	0	1
Porter, 2b.	6	3	2	6	2	0
Napier, c. i.f.	6	0	0	12	4	0
Styger, l.f.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Burton, c.	2	1	1	0	0	0
Wagner, s.	5	1	2	0	3	0
McKinley, ss.	5	2	0	3	0	1
Hagedorn, lb.	5	1	1	4	0	4
Jospier, p.	5	0	2	2	8	0
Total	50	9	7	33	12	6

COV. FAV.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Reckwerd, l.f.	6	2	0	0	0	0
Fichtmaster, 2b.	6	0	0	0	1	2
Beckhold, c.f.	6	0	0	1	1	0
Bray, c.	6	2	1	13	1	0
Brunen, 3b.	6	1	1	5	4	0
Hagedorn, lb.	5	2	1	10	0	1
Feldman, r.f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Gerdling, s.s.	5	2	2	3	3	1
Bergan, p. c.f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Total	50	9	7	33	10	8

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
CIN. SILENT	1	0	1	2	0	1	2	0	0	0	0-9
COV. FAV.	0	1	2	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0-9

Two base hits—Wagner, Hagedorn, Bray, Brunen, Gerdling. Three base hit—Burton. Home run—Case. Stolen bases—S. A. C. 8; Favorites, 5. Struck out—By Jospier, 14; by Berger, 5; by Beckhold, 5. Base on balls—By Jospier, 5; by Berger, 10. Wild pitch—Jospier. Passed balls—Napier, 2; Burton, 1; Bray, 2. Time—3:15. Umpire, W. Blust. Scorer, H. O'Donnell.

On the afternoon of April 30th the Silent Athletics defeated the Triumphs at Oakley, by a score of 9 to 2. Hagedorn made a home in the ninth inning, and the deaf rooters greeted him. Napier struck out eleven boys, and Jospier caught behind the bat.

William McKinney, who formerly attended the Indianapolis, Ind., School for the Deaf, has joined our Silent Athletic Team. He is a good runner and fielder but a fair batter. His home is in Lawrenceville, Ind.

Lloyd Napier and Filmore Jasper, who used to attend the Danville, Ky., School, have signed to play with our team. They are sure, good players, with judgment and control. Napier has secured work as night watchman at the Victor Lamp Co., in this city, and Jasper has obtained a position as machinist at one of the Tool and Machine Co.'s.

The family of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson I. Snyder, of West Alexandria, O., will soon bid good-bye to the place which has been their home for many years. They will take up their residence at Dayton, O.

A Public Sale poster, received, announces that a sale of most of their household effects would be held at their home, Saturday, May 27th. A lot of poultry fixtures is also offered for sale. At private sale, their new residence, with an acre of land, is also offered, in addition to 4.18 acres of land in the town, which can readily be subdivided into lots.

We saw the residence several years ago, and it is an up-to-date one, with all modern conveniences. It is a nine-room frame, with bath, attic, cemented cellar, electric lights, gas and hot air furnaces.

Mrs. William Mayer and Miss May Greener, a committee from the Ladies' Aid Society, were up at the Home, Saturday, to ascertain what was needed for the rooms under the care of the Society. Miss Greener remained over and gave the residents a religious talk on Sunday. All were enjoying good health. A new silo has been put up and Supt. Chapman has the garden well under way.

The Ringling Bros. Show exhibited in the city, Wednesday. School was dismissed at 10:15 in the morning and the pupils permitted to see the parade on 4th Street, which, by the way, was a fine display. It costs money these days to run a show of this kind, and here are some figures taken from the Dispatch to show it:

The circus is transported this year on four trains, comprising 89 cars, which, when stretched out, are over a mile in length. The big top, the largest the Ringlings have ever used, is especially constructed, not only to accommodate the circus with its three rings, stages and hippodrome track, but also arranged for the massive spectacle, "Cinderella," which is presented on a stage five times the size of that of the largest theatre.

All the cooking for this enormous enterprise is done by steam, and in ranges built in a wagon weighing nine tons and drawn by ten horses. As a mere detail of the marketing, the circus consumes nearly 4500 pounds of fresh beef, 300 dozen eggs, 800 pounds of bread, 150 pounds of butter, 150 pounds of coffee, 500 pounds of sugar, and other items equally as large. The first order to the cooks in the morning is for 5200 griddle cakes, and yet, as large a number as this may seem, it is only four apiece. For the stock and animal department, there are used daily, ten tons of hay, five tons of straw, 300 bushels of oats, while no well-behaved elephant would think of starting his day's labor, without his morning cereal—a bale of hay. Most all of these purchases are made from local merchants.

It costs \$8000 a day to run this circus, and it represents an investment of nearly \$4,000,000.

In the afternoon, some of the older pupils, who could afford to cough up the necessary 50 cents, were allowed to attend the performances.

The Annual Picnic of the School was to have been held at Olenatanga Park, Wednesday, but was postponed to some future time, as the Park will not be open till May 30th. Leslie Oren came up Wednesday to attend the picnic, but as it was postponed, he will remain here till after Commencement exercises.

Mary Wetzel, a little deaf colored pupil, met with an unfortunate accident Sunday afternoon. She was playing on the swing and accidentally fell off, dislocating her shoulder. She was taken to Grant Hospital where her injuries received proper attention. She is now up and about in the School's hospital.

Mr. William W. King, teacher of cabinet-making, the past three years, has resigned from the position and left Thursday for Bucyrus, O., where he will be employed by a company.

Joseph Rudd, employed by the Buckeye Saw Company, was run-down and killed by a Pennsylvania switch engine on Chestnut Street near Water Street, Wednesday evening. He was deaf. The engine crew and switchman not knowing his infirmity, shouted and warned him, but of course without effect. His body was ground to pieces. He was a bachelor, and as far as known had no relatives except a half brother, said to live in Springfield, O.

A. B. G.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf
Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Weekday social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M.
Other services and meetings by special appointment.
The deaf cordially invited.
Minister's address: 306 Virginia Avenue.

Diocese of Maryland.
Rev. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary.
2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.
First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 9:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

Baptist Minister to the Deaf
Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

Rev. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M.A., Ordained Minister.

SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL.
The minister makes a specialty of Reading and Lectures for Social organizations. Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere in the United States.

Address: Keedville, Md.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission.
Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Heddon, Priest-in-Charge.
Edwin W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tafts, Lay-Readers.

28—Boston, Confirmation services, 2 P.M.
Worcester, 3:15 P.M.
Providence, 7:30 P.M.

Rev. G. H. Heddon will visit Boston from May 23d to 30th.

Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee, Lay-Missionary, 89 Playstead Road, West Medford, Mass.

A Royal Deaf-Mute.

It is not generally known that a daughter of one of our kings was deaf and dumb. Katherine Plantagenet was born at Westminster, on St. Katherine's day, November 25, 1253. Her christening feast was celebrated with great pomp and rejoicing, some of the items of the bill of fare consisting of "fourteen wild boars, twenty-four swans, two hundred and fifty partridges, sixteen hundred and fifty fowls, sixty-one thousand eggs, etc." The little princess was styled "the queen's beautiful," and is described as a remarkably lovely child.

It was not until she was two years old that her royal parents realized the sad fact that their darling was deaf, and we find that at that time Henry made large offering at Westminster Abbey on behalf of "Katherine, the king's daughter." The prayers of her sorrowing parents were surely answered, though not as they hoped themselves, for the lovely deaf-mute was not left to grow up in ignorance and helplessness, which in those days was the fate of all thus afflicted. In May 1257, the ears which had been deaf to all mortal sounds heard the voice of the angels calling her to paradise, at the age of three and a half.

Catherine's health had always been delicate, and the year before she died she had been sent for some time into the country to be under charge of Emma, lady of Swallowfield, in Berkshire. The king sent, among other presents, a little kid from his royal forests to be played with at Swallowfield. He continually despatched messengers to inquire after her health, and once, when the report was better than usual, he bestowed in his delight "a good robe" upon the messenger who brought the welcome tidings.

But the fair child was fast fading away from earth, and she only returned to Windsor in time to die. The king and queen were inconsolable for the loss of their daughter, and Henry fretted himself into a low fever. Costly gifts were bestowed upon her nurses in remembrance of the sweet little maiden after her gorgeous funeral, and a silver statue as large as life was placed over her tomb in Westminster Abbey as a last proof of love by her heart-broken parents—*Australia Herald*.

Strassburg—The Cathedral Clock.

When the Cathedral was finished, the city magistrates wanted to put an ingenious clock in the upper tower. They tried for a long time, and at last they found a master who promised to make a clock such as had never been seen in any land.

Weeks and months passed, and when it was finished every body was astonished. It was, indeed, a wonderful clock. It marked, not only the hours, but the days and months as well. A globe was fastened to it which told of the rising and setting of the sun. Just before the clock struck, a figure representing Death came out from the center and struck the hours, while on the quarter and half hours a figure of Christ came out. Besides, there was a beautiful chime which played hymns every hour.

The magistrates did not want any other city to have such a clock so they did a very cruel and unjust thing. To prevent the master from making another they put him into prison and ordered his eyes put out. The master begged to be allowed to examine the clock once more before he was blinded. They granted his request.

He worked with the clock for a while and then was led away to be deprived of his sight.

Just about the time the cruel deed was accomplished, it was found that the clock had stopped. The master had destroyed his work with his own hands. Up to the present, no one has ever been able to start it.

Another splendid clock is in the Cathedral, but the first one has been carefully preserved.

Extent of Russia.

Russia's extent may be gauged by the fact that European Russia is in itself larger than the other nineteen states of the continent taken together, and when we include Asiatic Russia, western Europe shrinks into insignificance.

The Russian empire comprises one-sixth of the total land area of the world.

It is four times the size of the continent of Europe, forty-two times the size of France, nearly three times the size of the United States without Alaska, and seventy times the size of the British Isles.

There are 175,000,000 Russians, and yet Russia is the most thinly populated of the great countries.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.
Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 949 W. Franklin Street.

Rev. J. A. Brandt, Assistant, 1023 W. Franklin Street.

SerVICES at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Weekday meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander S. McGhee entertained the "500" club, at their home last Wednesday night, 17th inst. The evening was passed in playing games and in a general social way. Many were the compliments which the newlyweds received on their handsomely furnished new home from the guests. A dainty repast was served and, all in all, it was a very enjoyable occasion. Those present besides the host and hostess were: Mrs. Persis M. Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders, Mrs. Woods, Misses Dorothy and Margaret Sanders, Rhea Schweriner, Marie Goodling, Esther Rappaport, Edith Booser, Mary Woods, George C. Wagner, Albert Wolf, Harry Coulston, Myer Baliff, Louis Lovett, and John A. Roach.

On Saturday evening, May 20th, there was another gathering in South Philadelphia, when the friends of Mr. James M. Purvis, gave him a surprise testimonial, in recognition of having been an employee of the Atlantic Refining Company for the long period of twenty-nine years. The surprise part was the presentation to him of a beautiful, large glass dome, by his friends, and it was a surprise, indeed. A pleasant social evening was enjoyed. Those who attended the party were: Mr. and Mrs. Purvis, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leiby, of Atlantic City, Miss Edna Purvis, Mr. and Mrs. Pauline Brannen, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Weeney, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Moore, Mr. and Mrs. R. Reed Robertson, Miss Mary Price, Miss Rebecca Heller, Miss Catherine Gannon, and Messrs. Martin Caviston, Israel Stern, Milton Haines, Harry Aldridge, John Maloney, and J. Mohr.

Among the visitors at All Souls' Church for the Deaf on Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. Lyndell Fell and Mr. Thomas F. Keelins, all of Wilmington, Del., and Mr. Warren McCreedy, of Summit Hill, Pa. As usual, there were several others from nearby places.

There will be a service at All Souls' on Ascension Day (Thurs. day, June 1st) at 8 P.M. The Clero Literary Association will meet immediately after it.

On Saturday evening, June 10th, Robert McKenty, Warden of the Eastern Penitentiary, will address the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., at All Souls' Parish Hall. Warden McKenty is an interesting speaker and much in demand, as we notice in the papers. His address will be interpreted in the sign-language by Mr. Joseph Lipsett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett.

Miss Amelia Neidinger is recovering from a siege of bronchitis.

Mrs. Viola King, who was operated on for the removal of gallstones a few weeks ago, is doing nicely. The operation was performed at the Episcopal Hospital. She has been a good patient, and her cheery spirit has won for her the title of Pollyanna from the nurses and attendants.

On Saturday morning, 20th of May, Mrs. Charles S. Yoder was operated on for appendicitis, at the Episcopal Hospital. The operation is said to have been successful. She had been troubled for many years, and no doubt, when she recovers, she will feel like a new woman.

James L. Patterson met with an accident at the works where he is employed, last Monday morning, 15th of May. A heavy iron plate dropped on his right foot and severely bruised it. Luckily, no bone was broken, and it may be only a few weeks before sporty Jim, of Mt. Moriah, as he is known thereabouts, will be about again, sporting a rose in his coat lapel.

All Souls' Church will have an excursion to Wildwood, on July 15th, and the Clero Literary Association will go to Riverview Birch, on the Delaware River, opposite New Castle, on August 12th, 1916.

The Knights of De l'Epee will give an up-river excursion on the steamer, Columbia, on Friday evening, June 23d, 1916. Tickets will cost thirty-five cents.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Zang, Mrs. Harriet Belknap, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Cowan and Mr. Lawrence, made a trip to Atlantic City recently.

Miss Edith Ball gave a talk to the Beth Israel Association last Sunday, 21st. Mr. George T. Sanders will be the next speaker, on the 28th.

Mrs. Benjamin Silvermond visited her sister, Mrs. Louis Robbins, here recently.

Patrick O'Brien attended the ball and entertainment of the allied clubs of New York on Saturday, 13th inst, and the following day left for Passaic, N. J., to see a brother.

FANWOOD.

The band and cadet companies of the entire battalion of Fanwood met with the same, well pleased success for another of their notable military displays, this time in conjunction with St. Ann's Guard, at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory, Wednesday evening. The invitation to participate with the Church cadets is one of the pleasures that the Fanwood boys have shared almost annually, and on every occasion have beaten their rivals in rapid succession.

The drill was arranged to begin at exactly eight o'clock; the Armory being two blocks distance from the school, the battalion arrived with little mishap on scheduled time and with an extra "rest" period.

A gathering of some five hundred persons were present, a great many of them being friends and relatives of our cadets and St. Ann's Guard cadets. Also the many members of the Regiment were active lending pleasure by escorting the visitors to all quarters of the Armory, and in explaining the requirements of soldierdom.

At 8:10 P.M., the first move of the regimental review was made, both battalions, the St. Ann's Guard and the Institution, under command of Major W. H. Van Tassel, lined up on the mammoth dance hall and saluted the reviewing officer, Major W. S. Conrow. The companies then passed in review, and took their positions for the inter-company competitive drill. The three companies of Fanwood, Companies A, B and C, were very evenly matched, and though the drill between them had much of the same spirit of rivalry, in appearance, we judge them to have done better on former dates.

The six army offices of the Regiment, who acted as judges, rated the companies as per: Company A, 87 per cent excellence; Company B, 91; Company C trailed with 82. Company B was victorious, winning its first prize after many memorable defeats by Company C, which has won all honors this year excepting this most recent.

The trophy was a large inscribed bronze tablet, on a green oak background, and in awarding it Cadet Captain Burke and the cadets of Company B were especially commended for their excellence both in set-up and correctness.

The cadets in the blue uniforms of St. Ann's Guard also lost to Company B, and though winning their annual silver-cup competition meet, envied the fine display of the Institution cadets.

One of the feature events was the Butts' Rifle Drill exhibition, the band and battalion occupying the entire floor and performing physical drill movements, with arms in rhythm with the vibrations of the music from the cadet band and drum-corps. Captain Altenderfer had command, and the boys were keenly sensitive to the applause given. After the drills the floor was turned over to the delight of dancing couples, the music being provided by Company F, Twenty-second Infantry Engineers, N. G. N. Y. Refreshments were served in the lobby to the pupils from the school, brick ice-cream being the favorite repast. Most of our girls being present, both the cadets and girls shared in the "light fantastic," nimbly gliding to the tune of the waltz. Almost an hour was devoted to popular pastime, and at the stroke of midnight hasty steps were made for school.

The two senior oral classes represented the Institution, Wednesday afternoon, at an art lecture given for the deaf by Miss Jane B. Walker, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The subject was on the famous French Sculptor, Antoine Lewis Bayre, and had to be read slowly by the lips. Miss Walker spoke very fluently and simply, and we are glad to make comment of the many who thoroughly understood and appreciated her subject. The pupils wrote compositions on the life of the artist from what they derived Thursday afternoon.

Thursday morning the press and composition room of the JOURNAL enjoyed a brief call from Mr. Peter Witschke, of Port Jervis, N. Y., the classmate of Prof. Jones, and who graduated from here in the class of 1868.

The evening of the week-end was spent in a pleasant way; the members of the Fanwood Literary Association enjoying the second annual entertainment of the Cadet Officers of the Protean Society. The entertainment and program met with its usual success, President Fox reading off a series of collective readings, which were narrated with fidelity and clearness. Unfortunately, no play had been arranged for the occasion, as the time of notification found all in a stage of unpreparedness; but taking the readings as a whole, it will be voted that those who participated had well prepared themselves in the choosing and recital of their stories.

Prof. Thomason speaking on "Dissatisfied and Unsatisfied," Sunday afternoon, preached a very

interesting sermon that the mediocre majority will take seriously in later life. The whole of his talk was on instructive, encouraging lines.

The printing of the annual June School examinations was begun two weeks ago, and will no doubt be finished before the end of the month. The thought of them is an inspiration!

"Little Proteus," our pet squirrel, is the Cadet Officers, "is the jovial recipient of a small box of mixed nuts which came from some kind friend through the mail. We all join hands in thanking that interested person, and 'Proteus' speaking for himself also hopes that he or she who has so generously shown a faraway affection for him will come and see him, so he may be able to personally express his appreciation." He says, "Come any day and have a romp with me, and I will teach you all about us squirrels and how to make friends with me."

A very large gathering of the Episcopal pupils from Fanwood attended religious services both in the morning and afternoon of Sunday, at St. Ann's Church for the Deaf of New York.

At the morning service the blessing of Holy Baptism was administered to those present by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain and Rev. Mr. Keiser. Later Principal Currier stood sponsor for two of the cadets, Ernest Ette and Albert McKay, who were baptized and received into the Episcopal Church. The afternoon service was notable for its simplicity. About two hundred attended and many pupils of the school. Bishop Greer Confirmed the following pupils from the Institution: Misses Agnes Watson, Concertina Pizzutti and Jessie Garrick; Cadets, Rudolph Behrens, Alfred Allen, Ernest Ette, Frederick Parker, Albert McKay, Frank Luff and Frederick Lochman.

A great many of the kindergarten classes have started arrangements for rehearsals on minor school exercises, which will comprise the Ninety-Eighth Annual Commencement program. Company C began early morning rehearsals of the military program they will give.

Cadet Principal Musician Ciavolino won some extraordinary praise in the field of art for some exceptional good drawings in pen and ink, that with neat lettering teach the correct military positions for the cadet in the school of the soldier. The drawings were made for Major Van Tassel, and lately shown to General Elmore F. Austin and staff were received with marked favor, and a general compliment was made our young artist.

Sunday afternoon parade of the Cadets was one of the pleasures of a most delightful day. A great many people witnessed the event.

After an all-around "come-back," the base-ball team played one of its best games Saturday afternoon, the contest being staged on the home diamond. The workmanship of the line-up played with more regular unison, and to this decided factor we attribute the day's success. The Metropolitan Athletic Club sent over a pretty husky congregation, but with the steadiness and accuracy exhibited by the home team they were easily smothered in the last innings of the game. The team batted so hard two of the visiting pitchers were "knocked out" of the box, and even then business didn't stop. Cadet Rader pitched with better speed than what was seen off him in former games. He reports having felt the "pep" that kept him at it.

Manager Margraf was pleased with the change of tactics, and looks forward to the carrying off of all future games by steady and accurate play. Score:—

METROPOLITAN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Burke, 2b.	4	1	0	3	2	0
Edwards, 1.f.	4	1	4	2	0	0
Reig, c.f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Zettler, 3b.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Dobson, s.s.	4	0	0	1	3	0
McCormick, 1b.	4	0	0	6	0	1
Zubir, c.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Kutz, r.f.	3	0	0	4	1	0
T. Hallcock, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Hurt, p.	2	1	0	0	3	0
Barlow, p.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Total	36	4	7	24	11	1

FANWOOD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Eberhardt, s.s.	5	0	1	1	2	2
Margraf, 1.f.	5	2	4	3	0	0
Lux, 1b.	4	2	1	4	0	0
Bergan, c.	3	1	1	6	1	0
Pescia, r.f.	4	2	5	0	0	0
Siegel, 2b.	3	0	1	9	0	0
Tabachnick, 3b.	2	0	0	1	2	1
Guint, 3b.	1	0	1	1	1	0
Rubin, c.f.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Rader, p.	3	1	1	1	2	0
Altenderfer *	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	33	8	14	27	8	

* Batted for Tabachnick in the 6th inning.

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
MET LIFE	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	0-4
FANWOOD	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	0	x-3
Summary:—	Scored runs—Metropolitan, 5; Fanwood, 6. Three base-hit—Rader. Two base-hits—Pescia, Eberhardt, Rubin, G. Hallcock. Reteg. Left on bases—Metropolitan, 5; Fanwood, 7. Sacrifice hits—Berman, Rader. Stolen bases—Margraf, 4; Lux, Siegel, Pescia, G. Hallcock, 3. Sacrifices by—Altenderfer. First on Base—Rader, 0; off Hurt, 1; off Barlow, 2. Double plays—Eberhardt to Siegel to Lux, Dobson to Burke to McCormick. Struck out—by Rader, 10; by Hurt, 5; by Barlow, 2. Hits—off Hurt, 5 to 6.13 innings; off Barlow, 6 in 1.23 innings. Time of game—two hours. Umpire—Mr. Haggerty. Score—Cadet George Sherman.								

Tennis is one of the fascinating sports of most recent adoption. With a medium-size racket, cer-

tain boys have practiced trick evolutions at an imaginary bounding sphere, demonstrating to friends and onlookers how the fine points of the game are played.

IOWA.

One of the big annual events in this vicinity (Council Bluffs and Omaha) is the banquet of the Mid-West Branch of the G. C. A. A. The fourteenth one came off May 13th, at the Hotel Loyal, in Omaha. Some people did not like the date, and that night they said, "I told you so," for most of the crowd encountered a heavy rain on the way to the hotel. Fortunately no one got very wet and no pretty dresses or tempers were spoiled, and the rain was a blessing to the farmers. What was happening outdoors was promptly forgotten on entering the banquet hall. The menu and service were excellent, and a spirit of *bon camaraderie* was prevalent. This is the first time we've tried the Loyal, and a silver souvenir spoon was presented to each lady (from the managers) just before the speech making began. The following is the menu and toasts:—

MENU.	
Fruit Cocktail a la Chantilly	
Assorted Relishes a la Loyal	
Strained Chicken Gumbo en tasse	
Broiled Tenderloin	
Fresh Mushroom Sauce	
June Peas in Butter	
Individual Potatoes au Gratin	
Oyster Bay Asparagus	
Thousand Island Dressing	
Meringue Cakes	Fancy Cakes
Demi tasse	

TOASTS.

Toastmaster, F. C. Holloway	
EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET	Miss Stacia Kuta
THE SIGNATURE OF LINCOLN	Z. B. Thompson
GALLAUDET COLLEGE'S RANK	COMPARED WITH OTHER COLLEGES
THE CO-EDS' PART IN THE BENEFITS	E. L. Michaelson
GALLAUDET COLLEGE IS DISPENSING	Mrs. Augusta Kruse Barrett
PREPAREDNESS	W. A. Nelson
HELPFULNESS	Supt. Hensy W. Rothert
PIONEER DAYS	Supt. F. W. Booth
A PERTINENT QUESTION: Should such changes be made in the curriculum of Gallaudet College that the Onward March of Time makes Advisable?	W. H. Rothert
ROOTING	Miss Grace Evans
ENOUGHNESS	J. W. Sowell

Miss Kuta, a last year's graduate of Gallaudet, was not able to be present, owing to her mother's serious illness, so her interesting paper was read by Mrs. Ota Blankenship. Most of the toasts were short, which is according to the modern trend. Mr. Z. B. Thompson's reply to the toast, "The Signature of Lincoln," is here given entirely as one of general interest:

IN THE relations of Lincoln and Garfield to the College, we find something of a parallel in those of Washington and Lincoln to the Republic. Washington, we consider as the Father of His Country, and Lincoln as the man who saved it from dissolution. Lincoln, in turn, was the man who, by his signature, created the College for the deaf, and Garfield was the man whose labors in its behalf helped greatly to make it a permanent institution. We are given another insight into the great heart of Lincoln, when we read the account of his signature to the bill establishing the College for the Deaf. When in spite of his pressing cares and anxieties during the Civil War period, he found time to give this matter favorable consideration, he showed a greatness of soul and sympathy quite out of the ordinary.

It is true that we owe much to Garfield for his work in preserving the College, and we have given him a fitting remembrance—a life-size marble bust—but how much more do we owe to Lincoln, who made the founding of our *Alma Mater* possible by his approval of the bill, April 8th, 1864. Gallaudet College is now on a firm foundation, and it would be a fitting recognition if we should also place a bust of Lincoln in the chapel. Let me suggest that our branch start a movement looking to this end.

After the toast-making, President Holloway announced that Miss Sauter, one of the teachers at the Nebraska School, had invited the Branch to a party there on May 27th. This was accepted with thanks. On motion of Mr. H. G. Long, the Secretary was instructed to send a letter of greetings to our beloved Dr. Gallaudet. Rev. J. M. Koehler spoke briefly regarding Mr. Thompson's suggestion, making a motion that action be at once taken to start a Lincoln Memorial fund. This was briefly and favorably discussed, and the Secretary was instructed to notify President J. Schuyler Long of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association of the action taken. Rev. Koehler then made the first contribution to the new fund, handing a dollar to the treasurer, in whose hands the fund will be until later decision on ways of procedure. The officers in charge of the Mid-West Branch during 1915-16 are: President, F. C. Holloway; Vice President, W. H. Rothert; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Augusta K. Barrett. The next regular meeting will be on June 2d, at the home of

Mr. and Mrs. Holloway, when the annual election of officers takes place.

Two persons who came a long way to the banquet were President Nelson, of the I. A. A. D., of Davenport, and Mr. E. S. Waring, our Impostor Chief, from Grinnell, Ia.

Sunday afternoon, May 14th, there was an interesting and impressive service at Trinity Cathedral, Omaha. Mr. and Mrs. John Toner were received into the Episcopal Church. Part of the service was in charge of Bishop Williams, of Nebraska, with Supt. F. W. Booth, acting as interpreter. The other part was a practical talk by Rev. Koehler, as the Bishop had to hurry away. Supt. Booth, when the exigency of a situation demands it, uses a number of signs, and his finger spelling is clear and easy to read. He wore Episcopal vestments, and with the Bishop in the purple satin robe of his rank, and the priest, presented the unusual and impressive sight of three high church dignitaries holding a service for the deaf in the beautiful Episcopal ritual. The Bishop, before he went away, announced the establishment of the Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf. Coming down the church, he shook hands with every one present, making a very favorable impression by his kindly bearing and fine, alert, and intellectual face. The new Mission is thus started under the most favoring auspices.

The April meeting of the Mid-West Branch was held April 28th, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Long, in Council Bluffs. It had been entrusted to a committee of ladies and named "Ladies Night." After due deliberation they thought they could not arrange a program that would be as interesting as "500," so that game was decided on, and perhaps this was as well, as to play once or twice a month is hardly enough practice in this game. A party from the Iowa School was present and joined in the game, consisting of Supt. Rothert, Mrs. E. H. Rothert, Misses Watkins, Wilcoxson and Hamble, and Mr. Conkling. The evening was a very pleasant one and ended with the serving of delicious refreshments.

A great debate on Preparedness was held at Garden Hall, Omaha, Saturday evening, April 29th. The debaters on the affirmative side were Messrs. W. H. Rothert and P. E. Seely; on the negative side, Dr. J. S. Long and Mr. H. G. Long. All the debaters did well, Dr. Long making a particularly good exposition of how the spirit of war became rampant in America, and almost convincing us that we need not prepare. But that was before the latest attacks on the Mexican border. And now you are all anxiety for the decision of the judges. The debate was under the Auspices of the Aux Frats of Omaha Division No. 32, N. F. S. D., and they departed from the time-honored custom of appointing judges, leaving it to the audience to form their own opinions.

The next feature on the program was one of Mr. C. E. Comp's good stories. It was about the adventures and hairbreadth escape of a young couple who went to spend their honeymoon in the mountainous wilds of Nevada. They started out in search of romance, adventure and gold. How they found the first two and none of the latter was told by Mr. Comp in a thrilling manner.

A large crowd was present, including a party of pupils from the Omaha School, chaperoned by Supt. Booth.

Mrs. F. C. Holloway spent three weeks in Sioux City, Iowa, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Geiger. Mr. Geiger, who works for a firm of contractors, is soon to be transferred to some place near Chicago.

A "Stag Party" was held in Omaha, May 5th, by the Frats of Omaha Division, in honor of Mr. H. S. Lee, whose marriage to Miss Kindred occurred on May 10th. The young couple will reside in Council Bluffs.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson, of Silver City, Ia., spent Sunday here. Until recently they lived in Des Moines, and Mr. Robinson is retained as Chairman of the Local Committee for the coming Convention of the I. A. A. D.

NOTICE.

The Thirty-seventh Annual Convention of the Maine Mission of the Deaf will be held in Portland, Me., September 2 and 3, 1916.

FANNIE P. KIMBALL, Sec'y,
20 Gilman St., Portland, Me.
By order of Pres. Carlisle.

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf held every Friday evening, at 8:45 P.M., at the Temple Emanu-El, 43d Street and Fifth Avenue. Doors open at 8 P.M.

Religious services of the Brooklyn Branch of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at 8:15 P.M., at Temple Shari Zedels, on Putnam Avenue, between Reid and Stuyvesant Avenues, Brooklyn.

ALBERT J. AMATEAU,
Minister.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf.

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House
528 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb,
Missionary-in-charge.
Mr. Thomas Marsden, Lay-Reader.

SERVICES:
Evening Prayer and Sermon every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon last Sunday in each month, 11 A.M.
Bible Class every Sunday, 2 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Elighth Street, between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor.
Mrs. ROSE CHESKUT, Mute-Interpreter.
Sabbath School—2 to 3 P.M.
Sermon—3 to 4 P.M.
R. P. Mute Endeavor Society—4:15 P.M.
Prayer Meeting—Every first Wednesday of every month.
Everybody Welcome.

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.
SPRING, 1916.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 8 P.M.
Waterbury—St. John's Church Parish House, third Sundays of the month, at 7 P.M.
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays of the month, at 11 A.M.
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 8 P.M.
Services in Pittsfield and Springfield, Mass. by appointment.
Address: Y. M. C. A. Hartford, Ct.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

145 West 125th Street

LITTLE CONEY ISLAND

Saturday, May 27, 1916

FUN! FROLIC!

Refreshments Free
Ladies Welcome!

Gentlemen - - - 10 cents

FELIX A. SIMONSON, Chairman
OSMOND LOEW LAWRENCE WINBERG

Picnic, Games and Prize Bowling

under the auspices of the
Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

White House Park
Rockaway Ave. and 96th St.
CANARSIE, L. I.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 12, 1916

Admission, - - 25 Cents

If weather is unfavorable, arrangements are made for a large hall.

Arrangement Committee
A. C. Berg, Chairman
Miss R. Schmitt Mrs. Konzelman
Mrs. Fischer Mr. Borgstrand
Mrs. Breiden Mr. Downie

Directions—Take Broadway "L" via Canarsie from Chambers St., under Municipal Building; or take Hamburg Avenue Trolley car from Williamsburg Bridge.

NEWARK FRATS' MASK BALL

Saturday, Evening
Jan. 6, 1917

Particulars later

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of a life insurance policy should not be governed by sentimental reasons. A policy is a CONTRACT between YOU and the COMPANY.

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NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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SPECIAL TRAIN

—TRIP TO THE—

Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes

\$ 2.60
(ROUND TRIP)

NEAR POUCHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

ON DECORATION DAY

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1916

Train leaves 42nd St. Grand Central Terminal—8:55 A.M.
At 125th St.—9:05 A.M. At Yonkers—9:23 A.M. At Tarrytown—9:30 A.M.
Arrives Camelot—10:45 A.M.
Returning: Train leaves Camelot—6:55 P.M. Arrives 42nd St.—8:50 P.M.

Get your tickets now from Messrs. E. A. Hodgson, C. C. McMann, and E. C. Elsworth; Misses N. Miller and A. Klaus.

Tickets for Special Train cannot be purchased at R. R. Ticket Offices.

1892 1916

23d ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

AND CELEBRATION IN MEMORY OF

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's Birthday

AT

ST. MARK'S CHAPEL

Adelphi St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ON

Saturday Eve., June 17, 1916

at 8 o'clock

Various Games. Including Refreshments

Tickets, 25c

Arrangement Committee

A. C. Reiff, Chairman

Mr. A. J. McLaren Mr. W. G. Gilbert

Mr. R. H. A. derson Mr. K. Kostetter

Mrs. H. Leisohn Miss E. Anderson

Mrs. W. G. Gilbert

Brooklyn Division, No. 23

N. F. S. D.

DON'T FORGET OUR ANNUAL

Picnic and Games

—AT—

ULMER PARK

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday, September 2, 1916

Particulars later.

FIFTH ANNUAL

Picnic & Games

OF THE

New York Council, No. 2,

Knights of De l'Epee

TO BE HELD AT

ATHLETIC FIELD, ULMER PARK

—ON—

Saturday, July 8th, 1916

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE

TICKETS - - 25c EACH

Further particulars later.

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STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL

under the auspices of the

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—AT—

St. Mark's Parish House

626 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn,

one block from Broadway and Myrtle Ave.

—ON—